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Edystone Light-house, and Ship in Distress.



LIGHT-HOUSES were known to the ancients. The light-house, or Pharos of Alexandria, built in the island of Pharos, at the mouth of the Nile, was much celebrated, and gave its name to all buildings erected for similar objects. This Pharos was a magnificent tower, consisting of several stories and galleries, with a lantern at the top, in which a light was kept continually burning, and might, it is said, be seen at the distance of a hundred miles. It was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world, and was erected by Sostrates, a famous architect of Ouidos, though some say it was built by his father Delphanes. The several stories were adorned with columns, balustrades, and galleries of the finest marble and workmanship. Some of the historians add, that the architect fixed looking-glasses against the highest galleries, which reflected the distant vessels as they sailed along. The Pharos cost Ptolemy Philadelphus 800 talents.

The two most celebrated light-houses in Great Britain are those of Edystone and the Bell Rock, the latter of which

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is not improperly called the Scottish Pharos, and is situated on the north-eastern coast of Great Britain, about twelve miles from Forfar.

The Edystone Light-house, of which we give a view as it appears in a storm, is situated nearly south-west from the middle of Plymouth Sound, and about fourteen miles from Plymouth. About three leagues beyond Plymouth Sound, in a line nearly between Star-point and the Lizard, lie a number of low rocks, exceedingly dangerous at all times, but especially when the tides are high, which render them invisible. On these rocks it had long been thought necessary to place some monitory signal. But the difficulty of constructing a light-house was great. One of the rocks indeed, which compose this reef, is considerably larger than the rest; yet its dimensions are still narrow; it is often covered with water, and frequently, even in the calmest weather, surrounded by a swelling sea, which makes it difficult to land upon it; and much more so to carry on any work of time and labour. The uncommon tumult of the sea in

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this place is occasioned by a peculiarity in the rocks. As they all slope and point to the north-east, they spread their inclined sides, of course, to the swelling tides and storms of the Atlantic. And as they continue in this shelving direction many fathoms below the surface of the sea, they occasion that violent working of the water, which the seamen call a *ground swell*. So that after a storm, when the surface of the sea around is perfectly smooth, the swells and agitation about these rocks are dangerous. From these continual eddies the Edystone derives its name.

The first light-house of any consequence, erected on this rock, was undertaken by a person of the name of Winstanley, in the reign of King William. Mr. Winstanley does not appear to have been a man of solidity and judgment sufficient to erect an edifice of this kind. He had never been noted for any capital work; but much celebrated for a variety of trifling and ridiculous contrivances. If you set your foot on a certain board in one of his rooms, a ghost would start up; or if you sat down in an elbow chair, its arms would clasp around you. His light-house, which was built of wood, partook of his whimsical genius. It was finished with galleries, and other ornaments, which encumbered it, without being of any use. It was, however, on the whole, much admired as a very ingenious edifice, and Winstanley certainly deserved the credit of being the first projector of a very difficult work. He had fixed it to the rock by twelve massy bars of iron, which were let down deep into the body of the stone. It was generally indeed thought well founded; and the architect himself was so convinced of its stability, that he would often say, he wished for nothing more than to be shut up in it during a violent storm. He at length had his wish; for he happened to be in it at the time of that memorable storm on the 26th of November, 1708. As the violence, however, of the tempest came on, the terrified architect began to doubt the firmness of his work: it trembled in the blast, and shook in every joint. In vain he made what signals of distress he could invent, to bring a boat from the shore. The terrors of the storm were such, that the boldest vessel durst not face it. How long he continued in this melancholy distress is unknown; but in the morning no appearance of the light-house was left.

It and all its contents, during that terrible night, were swept into the sea. This catastrophe furnished Mr. Gay with the following simile in his *Trivia*, which was written a few years after the event:

“So when fam’d Edystone’s far shooting ray,
That led the sailor through the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind born,
Fleets bulg’d their sides against the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken’d all the strand.”

A light-house was again constructed on this rock before the conclusion of Queen Anne’s reign. It was undertaken by one Rudyard, who built it also of wood, but having seen his predecessor’s errors, avoided them. He followed Winstanley’s idea in the mode of fixing his structure to the rock; but he chose a plain circular form, without any gallery, or useless projecting parts for the storm to fasten on. To give stability also to his work, he judiciously introduced, as ballast to the bottom, 270 tons of stone. In short, every precaution was taken to secure it against the fury of the two elements of wind and water, which had destroyed the last. But it fell by a third. Late one night, in the year 1755, it was observed from the shore to be on fire. Its upper works having been constructed of light timber, probably could not bear the heat. It happened fortunately that Admiral West rode with a fleet at that time in the Sound; and being so near the spot, he immediately manned two or three swift boats. Other boats put off from the shore; but though it was not stormy, it was impossible to land. In the mean time the fire having descended to the lower parts of the building, had driven the poor inhabitants upon the skirts of the rock; where they were sitting disconsolate, when assistance arrived. They had the mortification, however, to find that the boats, through fear of being dashed in pieces, were obliged to keep aloof. At length it was contrived to throw coils of rope upon the rock, which the men tied round them, and were dragged on board through the sea. The case of one of these poor fellows, who was above ninety years of age, was singular. As he had been endeavouring to extinguish the fire in the cupola, where

it first raged, and was looking up, the melted lead from the roof came trickling down upon his face and shoulders. At Plymouth he was put into the surgeon's hands; and, though much hurt, he appeared to be in no danger. He constantly, however, affirmed, that some of the melted lead had fallen down his throat. This was not believed, as it was thought he could not have survived such a circumstance. In twelve days he died; and Mr. Smeaton says, he saw the lead, after it had been taken out of his stomach, and that it weighed seven ounces.

The next light-house, which is the present one, was built by Mr. Smeaton, and is constructed on a plan, which it is hoped will secure it against every danger. It is built entirely of stone, in a circular form. Its foundations are let into a socket in the rock, on which it stands, and of which it almost makes a part; for the stones are all united with the rock, and with each other, by massy dove-tails. The cement used in this curious masonry is the lime of Watchet, from whence Mr. Smeaton contrived to bring it barrelled up in cyder-casks; for the proprietors will not suffer it to be exported in its crude state. The door of this ingenious piece of architecture is only the size of a ship's gun-port; and the windows are mere loop-holes, denying light to exclude wind. When the tide swells above the foundation of the building, the light-house makes the odd appearance of a structure emerging from the waves. But sometimes a wave rises above the very top of it, and circling round, the whole looks like a column of water, till it breaks into foam, and subsides.

The care of this important beacon is committed to four men; two of whom take the charge of it by turns, and are relieved every six weeks. But as it often happens, especially in stormy weather, that boats cannot touch at the Edystone for many months, a proper quantity of salt provision is always laid up, as in a ship victualled for a long voyage. In high winds, such a briny atmosphere surrounds this gloomy solitude from the dashing of the waves, that a man exposed to it could not draw his breath. At these dreadful intervals the two forlorn inhabitants keep close quarters, and are obliged to live in darkness and stench; listening to the howling storm, excluded in every emergency from the least hope of assistance, and without any earthly comfort, but what is admi-

nistered from their confidence in the strength of the building in which they are immured. Once, on relieving this forlorn guard, one of the men was found dead, his companion chasing rather to shut himself up with a putrifying carcase, than, by throwing it into the sea, to incur the suspicion of murder. In fine weather, these wretched beings just scramble a little about the edge of the rock, when the tide ebbs, and amuse themselves with fishing; which is the only employment they have, except that of trimming their nightly fires.

Yet though this wretched community is so small, we were assured it is generally a scene of misanthropy. Instead of suffering the recollection of those distresses and dangers in which each is deserted by all but one, to endear that one to him, we were informed the humours of each were so soured, that they preyed both on themselves, and on each other. If one sat above, the other was commonly found below. Their meals too were solitary, each, like a brute, growling over his food alone.

The emolument of this arduous post is twenty pounds a year, and provisions while on duty. The house to live in may be fairly thrown into the bargain. The whole together is, perhaps, one of the least eligible pieces of preferment in Britain: and yet from a story, which Mr. Smeaton relates, it appears there are stations still more ineligible. A fellow, who got a good livelihood by making leathern pipes for engines, grew tired of sitting constantly at work, and solicited a light-house man's place, which, as competitors are not numerous, he obtained. As the Edystone boat was carrying him to take possession of his new habitation, one of the boatmen asked him, what could tempt him to give up a profitable business to be shut up, for months together, in a pillar? "Why," said the man, "because I did not like confinement."

ST. CRISPIN'S-DAY.

The 25th of October is the saturnalia of the shoemakers, of whom St. Crispin is the tutelary saint. Crispin and Crispianus, two brothers, were born at Rome. When they had attained to manhood they travelled to Solissons, in France, about the year 303, in order to propagate Christianity. Being desirous of maintaining themselves by their own industry, they earned their subsistence by shoe-making; until it was discovered that they had embraced

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the Christian faith, and were endeavouring to make proselytes of the inhabitants, when the governor of the town immediately ordered them to be beheaded. This was in the year 308. From this time the shoemakers chose St. Crispin for their patron saint.

In Edinburgh, and most of the large towns of Scotland, it is customary for the shoemakers to meet on St. Crispin's-day, and after choosing a king from one of their own body, to celebrate the event with a grand pageant, a ball, and a supper.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

St. Crispin's day is celebrated in English history for something more than the pageants of the shoemakers. It was on this day (Oct. 25, 1415,) that Henry the Fifth fought and won the ever-memorable battle of Agincourt. This King had invaded France, reduced Harfleur, and was making rapid progress, the enemy not daring or deeming it prudent to hazard a general engagement. At length, the constable of France, whose followers now amounted to one hundred thousand cavalry, selected a strong position in the fields, in front of the village of Agincourt, through which it was necessary for the King of England to cut his way, unless he would consent to yield himself prisoner. The French, confident in their superiority of numbers, spent the night in revelling, and in fixing the ransom of the English king and his barons; but to the English it was a night of hope and fear, of suspense and anxiety. They had been wasted with disease, broken with fatigue, and weakened by the many privations which must attend the march of an army through an hostile country, and in the presence of a superior force. But they were supported by the spirit and confidence of their gallant leader, and by the proud recollection of the victories won in similar circumstances by their fathers. As men, however, who had staked their lives on the issue of the approaching battle, they spent the intervening moments in making their wills, and in attending to the exercises of religion. The king himself took little repose. He visited the different quarters of the army; sent, as soon as the moon arose, officers to examine the ground; arranged the operations of the next day; ordered bands of music to play in succession during the night; and, before sunrise, summoned the men to attend at matins and mass. From prayer he led them into the field, and

arrayed them, after his usual manner in three divisions, and two wings; but so near to each other, that they seemed to form but one body. The archers, on whom he rested his principal hope, were placed in advance of the men at arms. Their well-earned reputation in former battles, and their savage appearance on the present day, struck terror into their enemies. Many had stripped themselves naked; the others had bared their arms and breasts, that they might exercise their limbs with more ease and execution. Besides his bow and arrows, his battle-axe or sword, each bore on his shoulder a long stake sharpened at both extremities, which he was instructed to fix obliquely before him in the ground, and thus oppose a rampart of pikes to the charge of the French cavalry. The king himself appeared on a grey palfrey, followed by a train of led horses ornamented with the most gorgeous trappings. His helmet was of polished steel, surmounted with a crown sparkling with jewels; and on his surcoat were emblazoned, in gold, the arms of England and France. As he rode from banner to banner, cheering and exhorting the men, he chanced to hear an officer express a wish to his comrade, that some of the good knights, who were sitting idle in England, might, by a miracle, be transported to the field of battle. "No," exclaimed Henry, "I would not have a single man more. If God give us the victory, it will be plain that we owe it to his goodness. If he do not, the fewer we are, the less will be the loss to our country. But fight with your usual courage, and God and the justice of our cause will protect us. Before night, the pride of our enemies shall be humbled in the dust; and the greater part of that multitude shall be stretched on the field, or captives in our power."

The French were drawn up in the same order, but with this fearful disparity in point of number, that while the English files were but four, their's were thirty men deep*. The constable himself commanded the first division; the Dukes

* Livius and Elmham observe, that in the French lines were placed a number of military engines or cannons, to cast stones into the midst of the English, (Liv. 19. Elm. 62.) According to Livius the French were to the English as something more than seven to one. Monstrelet (i. 228.) makes them as six to one. It is probable, that in Elmham, where he mentions the files, we should

of Bar and Alençon the second; the Earls of Marle and Falconberg the third. The distance between the two armies scarcely exceeded a quarter of a mile; but the ground was wet and spongy; and d'Albert, faithful to his plan, ordered his men to sit down near their banners, and await in patience the advance of the enemy. Their inactivity disconcerted the king, who expected to be attacked. He improved the opportunity, however, to order a plentiful refreshment to be distributed throughout the ranks, while two detachments stole away unperceived by the French; of which one was instructed to lie in ambush in a meadow at Tramecourt, on their left flank, and the other to alarm them during the battle, by setting fire to the houses in their rear. Just as the king had made every preparation for the attack, he was surprised by the approach of three French knights, who demanded permission to speak with him. One of them was the Baron de Helly, who had been a prisoner in England, and had broken his parole. He took this opportunity to deny the charge, and offered to meet in single combat between the two armies, any man who should dare to repeat it. The king, who saw his object, instantly replied: "This is not a time for single combats. Go tell your countrymen to prepare for battle before night, and doubt not that, for the violation of your word, you will a second time forfeit your liberty, if not your life." "Sir," returned Helly, "I shall receive no orders from you. Charles is our sovereign. Him we obey; and for him we shall fight you, whenever we think proper." "Away, then," resumed the king, "and take care that we are not before you." Immediately stepping forward, he exclaimed, "Banners, advance." At the same moment, Sir Thomas Erpingham threw his warder into the air; and the men, falling on their knees, bit the ground*, arose,

read thirty instead of twenty, as we do in Livius. A contemporary writer estimates the enemy at 100,000.

* This singular custom had been introduced by the peasants of Flanders before the great victory, which they gained over the French cavalry at Courtray, in 1302. A priest stood in front of the army, holding the consecrated host in his hand; and each man, kneeling down, took a particle of earth in his mouth, as a sign of his desire and an acknowledgment of his unworthiness to receive the sacrament.

shouted, and ran towards the enemy. At the distance of twenty paces, they halted to recover breath, and then repeated the shout. It was echoed back to them by the detachment in the meadow, which, issuing from its concealment, instantly assailed the left flank of the French. At the same moment, the archers having planted their stakes, ran before them, discharged their arrows, and retired behind their rampart. The constable had appointed a select battalion of eight hundred men at arms, to break this formidable body. Of the whole number, not more than seven score came into action. These were quickly dispatched: the others, unable to face the incessant shower of arrows, turned their visors aside, and lost the government of their horses, which, frantic with pain, plunged in different directions into the close ranks of the first division. It was a moment of irremediable confusion. Nor did the archers lose the opportunity. Slinging their bows behind them, and with their swords or battle-axes in their hands, they burst into the mass of the enemy, killed the constable and principal commanders, and in a short time totally dispersed the whole body.

Henry, who had followed with the men at arms, ordered the archers to form again, and immediately charged the second division. Though the fate of their fellows had checked their presumption, they met their shock with courage, and maintained, for two hours, a most bloody and doubtful contest. The king's life was repeatedly in imminent danger. Seeing his brother, the Duke of Clarence, wounded and lying on the ground, he hastily strode across the body, and bravely repelled the efforts of the assailants, till the prince was safely removed by his own servants. Soon afterwards, he was charged by a band of eighteen French knights, who had bound themselves to each other, to kill him or take him prisoner. One of them, with a stroke of his mace, brought the king on his knees; but he was instantly rescued by his guards, and his opponents were all slain. At length, the Duke of Alençon, the French commander, fought his way to the royal standard. With one stroke, he beat the Duke of York to the ground; with a second, he cleaved the crown on the king's helmet. Every arm was instantly uplifted against him. The duke, aware of his danger, exclaimed, "I yield; I am Alençon." Henry held out his hand; but his gallant enemy had

already fallen. The death of the duke was followed by the flight of the survivors.

There still remained the third and most numerous division of the enemy. Though dismayed, it was yet unbroken; and the English were preparing to charge it, when the alarming intelligence arrived, that a powerful force approached the rear of the army. In this emergency, the king hastily gave orders that all the prisoners should be put to death; orders which, in most instances, were unfortunately executed, before the mistake could be discovered. The force, which had been so greatly magnified, consisted only of six hundred peasants, under Robinet de Bournonville and Ysambert d'Azincourt; who had profited of the moment to enter Maisonscelles, plunder the baggage, and drive away the horses of the army. That this enterprize should prove so disastrous to their countrymen, they could not have foreseen; but they were immediately called to account, and severely punished by their immediate lord, the Duke of Burgundy.

During this interval, the ranks of the third division began to waver; and their irresolution was augmented by the flames kindled in their rear, by the English detachment. Of the whole number, no more than six hundred could be persuaded to follow their leaders, the Earls of Falconberg and Marle, who boldly rushed on the conquerors, and found, what they probably sought, captivity or an honourable death. The English were in no condition to pursue the fugitives. As soon as resistance ceased, the king with his barons traversed the field, while the heralds examined the arms and numbered the bodies of the slain. He then called to him Montjoy, the French king at arms, and asked him to whom the victory belonged. "To you, sir," replied Montjoy. "And what," continued the king, "is that castle, which I see at a distance?" "It is called the castle of Azincourt," was the answer. "Then," resumed Henry, "let this battle be known to posterity, by the name of the battle of Azincourt."

The Sketch Book.

No. XI.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

BY CHARLES LAMBE, ESQ.

Why are we never at our ease in the presence of a schoolmaster?—Because we are conscious that he is not quite at

his ease in ours. He is awkward, and out of place, in the society of his equals. He comes like Gulliver from among his little people, and he cannot fit the stature of his understanding to yours. He cannot meet you on the square. He wants a point given him, like an indifferent whist-player. He is so used to teaching, that he wants to be teaching you.—One of these professors, upon my complaining that these little sketches of mine were any thing but methodical, and that I was unable to make them otherwise, kindly offered to instruct me in the method, by which young gentlemen in *his* seminary were taught to compose English theses. The jests of a schoolmaster are coarse, or thin. They do not *tell* out of school. He is under the restraint of a formal and didactic hypocrisy in company, as a clergyman is under a moral one. He can no more let his intellect loose in society, than the other can his inclinations. He is forlorn among his co-evals; *his juniors cannot be his friends.*

"I take blame to myself," said a sensible man of this profession, writing to a friend respecting a youth who had quitted his school abruptly, "that your nephew was not more attached to me. But persons in my situation are more to be pitied than can well be imagined. We are surrounded by young, and, consequently, ardently affectionate hearts, but we can never hope to share an atom of their affections. The relation of master and scholar forbids this. 'How pleasing this must be to you, how I envy your feelings,' my friends will sometimes say to me, when they see young men, whom I have educated, return after some years' absence from school, their eyes shining with pleasure, while they shake hands with their old master, bringing a present of game to me, or a toy to my wife, and thanking me in the warmest terms for my care of their education. A holiday is begged for the boys; the house is a scene of happiness; I, only, am sad at heart. This free-spirited and warm-hearted youth, who fancies he repays his master with gratitude for the care of his boyish years—this young man—in the eight long years I watched over him with a parent's anxiety, never could repay me with one look of genuine feeling. He was proud when I praised, he was submissive when I reproved him; but he did never *love* me—and what he now mistakes for gratitude and kindness for me, is but the pleasant sensa-

tion which all persons feel at revisiting the scene of their boyish hopes and fears; and the seeing on equal terms the man they were accustomed to look up to with reverence."

"My wife, too," this interesting correspondent goes on to say, "my once darling Anna, is the wife of a schoolmaster. When I courted her, when I married her, knowing that the wife of a schoolmaster ought to be a busy notable creature, and fearing that my gentle Anna would ill supply the loss of my dear bustling mother, just then dead, who never sat still, was in every part of the house in a moment, and whom I was obliged sometimes to threaten to fasten down in a chair, to save her from fatiguing herself to death—when I expressed my fears, that I was bringing her into a way of life unsuitable to her, she, who loved me tenderly, promised for my sake to exert herself to perform the duties of her new situation. She promised—and she has kept her word. What wonders will not a woman's love perform? My house is managed with a propriety and decorum unknown in other schools; my boys are well fed, look healthy, and have every proper accommodation; and all this performed with a careful economy, that never descends to meanness. But I have lost my gentle, *helpless* Anna! When we sit down to enjoy an hour of repose after the fatigue of the day, I am compelled to listen to what have been her useful (and they are really useful) employments through the day, and what she proposes for her to-morrow's task. Her heart and her features are changed by the duties of her situation. To the boys she never appears other than the *master's wife*; and she looks up to me, as to the *boys' master*, to whom all show of fond affection would be highly improper, and unbecoming the dignity of her situation and mine. Yet *this*—gratitude forbids me to hint to her.—For my sake she submitted to be this altered creature, and can I reproach her for it? These kind of complaints are not often drawn from me. I am aware that I am a fortunate, I mean a prosperous man. My feelings prevent me from transcribing any further."

IMPROPTU.

Dandies, to make a greater show,
Stuff their coats with pleats and puff-
ing,
But this is very apropos.
For what's a goose without the stuff-
ing.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day man's dress'd in gold and silver
bright,
Wrap't in a shroud before to-morrow
night;
To-day he's feeding on delicious food,
To-morrow dead, unable to do good!
To-day he's nice, and scorns to feed on
crums;
To-morrow he's himself a dish for
worms;
To-day he's honour'd, and in vast es-
teem,
To-morrow not a beggar values him;
To-day he rises from a velvet bed,
To-morrow lies in one that's made of
lead;
To-day his house, tho' large, he thinks
but small,
To-morrow no command, no house at
all;
To-day has forty servants at his gate,
To-morrow scorn'd, not one of them
will wait!
To-day perfum'd, as sweet as any rose,
To-morrow stinks in every body's nose;
To-day he's grand, majestic, all de-
light,
Ghastful and pale before to-morrow
night;
True as the scripture says, "man's
life's a span,"
The present moment is the life of man.

A GOOD HARVEST; OR, DIF- FERENT OPINIONS.

"Perish the corn!" old Benjamin ex-
claim'd,
"It grows by far too plentiful and
fine;
I'd not have *sown* it for the *price* 'twill
bring,
No, not an acre should been sown of
mine."
"Blister the tongue that says so," cries
old Giles,
"And griping misery on thy heart-
strings press;
That heart which never felt for man nor
child,
Nor gave one sixpence to relieve dis-
tress.
Perish the wretch would stint the poor
man's meal,
Whose iron-grasp would humble joys
controul:
Perish the wretch that can't for others
feel,
And starving hunger gnaw his sordid
soul."

UTOPIA.

THE ANGLER.—No. VIII.

A Table of the Fish usually Angled for in the Waters of Great Britain, with the Places, Seasons, Time of Day, Depth from the Ground, and Baits suited to their Habits.

	Where generally found.	Season.	Proper time to Angle.	Depth from Ground.	Pastes.	Worms.	Flies.	Fish Insects.
Barbel.	Rapids and shallow streams, gravelly banks, under bridges, in currents.	April to August.	From sunrise till 10 M.; 4 P.M. to sunset.	Touch ground.	Old grated cheese, worked up with rusty bacon or butter, coloured with saffron; some say steeped in honey.	Gentles had from putrid flesh, lob-worms from gardens, brandlings from dung-hills.		
Bleak.	Deep rivers, sandy bottoms, in eddies and at ships' sterns.	May to October.	All day.	Six inches; always below mid-water.	White new bread, worked in the hand to a consistency, coloured with vermillion, like salmon's roe, or as above.	Gentles, caddis-worms, found under stones, in shallow streams, pieces of wood or rush, kept moist in flannel bags; brandlings.	Stone-fly, found under hollow stones; sides of streams; green-drake, found among stones, by river sides; black fly, on hawthorns, after budding.	
Bream.	Slow rivers or mill ponds, near weeds, and in clay or muddy bottoms. Some say rough streams.	April to December.	Sunrise to 9; 3 to sunset.	Touch ground.	Red paste, as for Bleak; or new brown bread mixed with honey, and worked to a consistency, like the red. Some add sheep's blood.	Gentles, flag-worms, found among flags, kept like caddis-worms; lob-worms.	Green-drake, under water.	Grass-hoppers in June or July.
Bullhead, or Miller's Thumb. Carp.	Rivers & brooks; in stony and gravelly beds. Still, deep ponds or rivers (particularly ponds), muddy bottoms.	May to October. April to August.	All day. Very early & very late.	Near the bottom. Three inches from bottom, from weather, in mid-water.	Blood of sheep's heart, mixed with honey and flour, worked up; chewed bread worked stiff with honey or sugar, and gum-water.	Small red worm. Earth-bob, found in sandy ground, kept in mould; gentles, flag-worms, wasp-grubs, found in the nest, hardened over the fire; marsh-worms, found in marshes.		J. W.

Fish

Juliet's Tomb at Verona.



Who has not sighed and wept over the most delightful story of hapless love that ever was told, Shakspeare's tragedy of Romeo and Juliet? No one, we believe, that ever read it, or saw it represented even in its worst form. It appeals to and seduces all hearts, while the silent tear bespeaks the deepest interest in the fate and sufferings of the youthful lovers.

Shakspeare, whose genius adds such interest to every spot over which it hovered, took the hint for his immortal tragedy from a story in the history of Verona, by Girolamo della Corte, published in 1604, and consequently during the lifetime of Shakspeare, which shews that the bard had a greater intimacy with foreign literature than has been generally suspected. The original story we shall give in our next number; and for the present shall content ourselves with briefly describing the tomb of Juliet at Verona, of which we give an engraving from a sketch made in 1816.

Every stranger who visits Verona is sure to have his sympathy moved and his curiosity excited by what is called "The Tomb of Juliet;" and there is no man who has read Shakspeare that will not hasten to the spot where it lies.

Contiguous to the church of San Francesco in Cittadella, where Romeo and Juliet were married, is a small garden formerly attached to the Franciscan monastery, but now in private hands. In the midst of it is an old sar-

cophagus, which from time immemorial has been shown as the tomb of Juliet. It is much mutilated, and has sunk considerably into the earth. It is exactly six feet long, and is just wide enough to hold two bodies. Close to it is the well mentioned by Della Corte, in his Narrative.

The mutilation of the sides of this sarcophagus is said to have taken place when it was first removed from the church of St. Permo Maggiore, where it had lain for ages. It was then placed in a garden adjacent to the old monastery, which was accessible to the public, and every stranger who came broke off a piece of it to carry away with him. In consequence of this, the Podesta gave orders that it should be removed, for better security, to the place where it is now exhibited, and any person attempting to do it further injury, as a proof of his veneration, is liable to a severe penalty.

Mr. Galiffe, in his "Italy and its Inhabitants," in describing the tomb of Juliet, says, "An English lady who had paid her devotions at this shrine some weeks before us, had taken it into her head to lay herself at full length in this tomb, like a monumental figure, with her hands piously crossed on her bosom."

The English traveller who made the sketch from which our engraving is copied, wrote the following lines, which, in addition to their poetic merit, are interesting as written on the spot:

"Let affection droop her head and
mourn
Disastrous love o'er tender Juliet's
urn.
Coquettes avault! away each simper-
ing belle!
Envy the lot of her who lov'd so well;
Who would not have exchanged her
heart-felt woes
For your ephemeral loves, and mid-
night shows.
Hail, Juliet, hail! whose pure and vir-
gin heart
Dared act so painful, yet so true a part!
O'er whose requited love, and early
hearse,
Great Shakspeare sheds the glory of
his verse.
Hail, Juliet, hail! whose name is in-
tertwined
In the same wreath, which Fame wove
for his deathless mind."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

The safest habits are those which we have acquired, not of ourselves, but through the management of those who had the care of us in our tenderest infancy. Adults find it more difficult, and the aged very rarely succeed, in gaining new habits. For the sick and persons of weak constitutions, it is never advisable to attempt to acquire new habits, or to relinquish old ones, whether in themselves beneficial or pernicious. Paul Jovius says of the physician of Pope Clement VII., named Curtius, that he was considered as being to blame for his death, because he persuaded his Holiness, who, though yet a hearty man, was advanced in years, to adopt a more regular way of living than he had previously been accustomed to. The same animadversion is passed by Onuphrius Panphinius, on the physician of Pope Julius III., who was affected with the gout; though others are of opinion, that he brought upon himself the fever of which he died by feigning indisposition, from reasons of state, and to save appearances, taking lighter food than he had been used to do. Galen expressly forbids the attempting of any alteration, even in bad habits, during illness, and relates a case in point. A certain Aristotle of Mytilene, had never drank cold water, but was attacked with a disease in which it was thought necessary for him to take it. The patient declared his conviction that it would produce spasms, and appealed to an

instance of the kind within his own knowledge: he nevertheless strove, for his benefit, as he thought, to overcome habit. He drank the water, and died.

Habit enables the hunter, as Cicero says, to pass the night upon the snow, and, in the day-time, to brave the scorching heat of the sun upon the mountains. Soldiers afford instances of the same kind. Vegetius remarks that the most experienced generals have exercised their troops in snow and rain, in consequence of which they have remained healthy while in camp, and been rendered vigorous and persevering in battle. I might also adduce, in evidence our stage-coachmen who travel day and night in all weathers: nay, our labourers, our farming-men, and in particular the trappers, some of whom scarcely know what it is to lodge in a house, prove every day by their example, that the most inclement weather has no effect upon them. In their case, however, a few circumstances are to be considered. Most of these persons are the offspring of robust parents, and from their infancy have been exposed to all the vicissitudes of the seasons. Such as have perished in their apprenticeship, if I may so term it, are not taken into the account; and even those who are most inured to hardships are often suddenly attacked by diseases which consign them to the grave. If, therefore, people are to be so brought up as to be rendered extremely hardy, a large portion of them must be expected to perish in the attempt. The Ostiaks, who rove about in the northern parts of Siberia, and can withstand all weathers, would no doubt be more numerous, if they were not so hardly bred. It is easy to imagine how many of them must perish, if the women, according to Weber's account, bring forth their children, during their excursions, in the open air, and immediately after their birth sometimes plunge them into the snow, at others put them into their warm bosoms, and in this manner pursue their route with them. Such as survive this treatment, indeed, are so much the more hardy. A Tartar infant, which has stood the test of being plunged, just after its birth, into water, through a hole made in the ice, an Ostiak, or a Russian, will afterwards experience no inconvenience, when, on arriving at manhood, he runs naked out of the hot bath and leaps into the river which is full of floating ice: on the contrary, this is to him an agreeable refrigerant. All the hardy persons who triumph

over Nature, have laid the foundation of their robust constitution in the first years of infancy, when nobody cared whether they lived or died. From being thus hardily brought up, the Laplanders, the Swiss, and the peasantry of almost every country, can defy the vicissitudes of the weather, scarcely feel the severest cold, and are rendered capable of enduring the fatigues of war. Hence it is evident that these people are not fit models for the imitation of persons descended from less hardy progenitors, and who have been more delicately reared.

The most offensive effluvia, which delicate persons cannot endure, are frequently a refreshment to those who are accustomed to them. Vega cured a seaman who was thrown into an almost fatal swoon by the savoury smells of a grand entertainment, by causing him to be laid on the beach and covered with mire and sea-weed, by which means he came to himself again in about four hours. Lemnius relates of a peasant who fainted at the smell of the drugs in an apothecary's shop, that he recovered on being carried to a dunghill. Strabo has remarked that the Sabmans, who swooned at perfumes, were revived by means of burnt rosin and goats' hair. Such persons resemble the Karauches, who live in mud, as in their proper element; and yet we find that such hardy people are sometimes suddenly deprived of life by a violent stench.

Excess in eating and drinking may even become habitual. When Dionysius, the Sicilian tyrant, was prevented by a siege from indulging in this kind of excess, he wasted away till he was enabled to resume his habits of intemperance. Drunkards, in the morning, when sober, can scarcely stand upon their legs; but when they return home at night intoxicated, they walk with as firm a step as the most sober of us all. Many of them continue to swill till the moment of their death, and even prolong their lives by so doing; for to deprive them by force of their liquor, would, in reality, but accelerate their end. Sanctorius advised a Hungarian nobleman to give up drinking strong wines; but he was reduced so low by confining himself to lighter sorts, that he was absolutely obliged to return to the strong. Such habits ought not to induce any one to imitate them; for the very practice by which they are acquired injures the constitution to such a degree, that no sooner have we gained the desired habit than we perceive

how near it has brought us to a premature grave. Wepler saw a person who could swallow melted butter by spoonful without injury; and I myself knew an old man, whose veracity I had no reason to doubt, who declared that he had often drunk at once a pint of melted fat without sustaining any inconvenience. Pechlin states, that some one had so accustomed himself to putrid water in Holland, that when, on account of debility of the stomach, he was advised to relinquish that beverage, he found it impossible to dispense with it, at least boiled and mixed with spice. Wine, on the other hand, was so disgusting to him, that he could never take it otherwise than diluted with water.—But what person would be so mad as to accustom himself to drink melted fat, or putrid water? We ought not to accustom ourselves to any thing to which we cannot become habituated but to the injury of our health, and the peril of our lives.

To this class belong particularly medicines and poisons; especially as many seek either fame or benefit in habituating themselves to them. I have frequently condemned the unlucky mania of many healthy persons for taking physic; the very habit which is thus acquired is the strongest reason for desisting from the practice. According to the laws of habit, the more frequently medicines are employed, the weaker is their operation; and to what remedies shall the sick have recourse, when they have already accustomed themselves to their use in health?—Experience proves these pernicious effects from all species of medicines and poisons. A cathartic frequently repeated ceases to produce any effect.—Theophrastus knew a person who ate black hellebore by handfuls, without vomiting or purging. The common use of mercury renders that remedy inefficacious in the several diseases.—The men who are obliged to work in quicksilver mines are thrown in the first days into a violent salivation; when they are afterwards compelled by blows to resume this dangerous occupation, that effect ceases, and no sooner has habit enabled them to withstand the influence of the metallic effluvia than death carries them off.—Of opium I shall here say nothing, as I intend to make it the subject of a distinct paper. A woman who had brought a consumption upon herself by the immoderate use of spirits, when reduced to the last extremity, sent for a physician; she was in a hectic fever, quite

emaciated, swollen, and completely exhausted. She had been previously accustomed to drink a bottle of French brandy every day, and the physician actually found her intoxicated. He exhorted her to discontinue this practice, and her attendants were strictly forbidden to give her any spirituous liquors. She had scarcely passed a day in this forced abstinence, when all about her prepared for her speedy dissolution. She became delirious; her eyes were fixed; her cough almost choked her; she could not sleep a wink; excessive perspiration at night, and diarrhoea in the day, exhausted her small remains of strength: she seemed no longer to see, to hear, or to feel.—The doctor, who exerted all his skill for her relief, could not prevent her becoming daily worse; and though the patient earnestly solicited the indulgence of brandy, he forbade it for that reason the more strictly. She passed nine days in this state between life and death. At length her maid-servant took pity on her, and gave her a bottle of brandy. She drank about a third of it at once, and the remainder in the course of the day. Her evident improvement induced her attendants to supply her, unknown to the physician, with her usual quantity of spirits. Her delirium subsided; she recovered her senses, and talked rationally as long as she was furnished with the means of intoxication. Her cough became less troublesome; she slept well, and was able to sit up a considerable time. In this amended state she remained about a month, at the expiration of which she became insensible, and expired in two days. There are numerous instances of this kind, from which a physician may learn that, in diseases arising from habit, it is proper to relax a little in the severity of his principles. Some of these facts are related by *Monro*.—A man-cook, whose nose was nearly cut off, had lost a great deal of blood. He was allowed to take wine in barley-water or whey, but he remained very weak, frequently fainted, and was troubled with head-ache. He had been accustomed to drink daily a considerable quantity of ale, wine, and spirits. At his request some ale, with a quart of brandy, was given him, and from that time he began to mend, and continued to improve by the daily repetition of this allowance.—A man had broken his leg, and the physician confined him to milk and water and slops. He slept badly at night; his pulse was

weak and quick; and he complained of thirst and head-ache. On the third day, upon a continuance of this diet, he was still sleepless and delirious; got out of bed, tore away the cradle in which the leg was laid, and knew nobody. At the same time his weak pulse intermitted. The physician was informed that this man had been for many years a drunkard: he therefore permitted him to drink ale and brandy. He slept the next night, and his fever and delirium were gone. He had drunk, the preceding day, a Scotch quart of ale and a quarter of a pint of brandy; and continuing to do the same daily, he recovered without farther accident.—A distiller fell into a vat containing hot spirits, and scalded his legs, thighs, and belly so dreadfully, that the skin of those parts soon turned quite hard and black. As his pulse was very quick, he was let blood, and a strict diet was recommended. Next day he was a great deal weaker, with much anxiety, and a low quick pulse. The third day he was very ill and insensible. His wife begged that she might be allowed to give him some brandy. Her request was complied with, and her husband grew better; the skin of the injured parts began to suppurate, and he completely recovered. His wife then confessed that she had given him a pint of brandy a day. To such a degree can habit weaken the effect of so strong a liquor as brandy.

Libau informs us, that the Ethiopians eat scorpions, and *Mercurialis* states, that the West Indians eat toads: neither of these facts is without a parallel in Europe. At Padua and Rome, there were two children who ate scorpions, and a girl took great pleasure in eating frogs, lizards, serpents, mice, and all sorts of insects. Another ate live lizards and caterpillars with pepper and vinegar. Of spider-eaters, who grow fat upon these disgusting insects, I could easily collect half a dozen instances from different writers. *Galen* relates of an old woman, that she had gradually habituated herself to make a meal of hemlock; and *Sextus Empiricus* assures us, that there have been persons who have taken thirty drachms of that poison without injury. A student at Halle accustomed himself on purpose to arsenick, which he took with his food from a boy; and though it at first occasioned vomiting, yet in time he could bear a considerable quantity. Hence it is evident, how one who habituates himself needlessly to physic, breaks down himself the bridges which, in

case of emergency, might carry him in safety over the abysses of disease.—
New Monthly Magazine.

THE INFANT.—A SONNET.

I saw an infant—health, and joy, and light
Bloom'd on its cheek, and sparkled
in its eye;
And its fond mother stood delighted
by
To see its morn of being dawn so bright.
Again I saw it, when the withering
blight
Of pale disease had fallen, moaning
lie
On that sad mother's breast—stern
Death was nigh,
And Life's young wings were fluttering
for their flight.
Last, I beheld it stretch'd upon the
bier,
Like a fair flower untimely snatch'd
away,
Calm, and unconscious of its mother's
tear,
Which on its placid cheek unheeded
lay—
But on its lip the unearthly smile ex-
press'd,
“Oh! happy child, untried, and early
bless'd!”

Ibid.

The Novelist.

No. XLI.

“POOR ELLEN.”

..... we shook hands, and part-
ed—my friend passed on, while I re-
mained seated on the marble slab which
recorded the name and years of the
deceased village curate. The Bolog-
nian stones they say possess the pro-
perty of retaining the light that has
once shone on them; thus my heart, in
that moment of solitary reflection in a
village church-yard, seemed to glow
with the light of other days—so silent,
so calm was every thing around me,
that involuntarily I began to retrace
scenes of happiness long since passed
away! There was a time when memo-
ry lov'd to dwell on them; but now,
the recollection of them may be com-
pared to a lingering sun-beam shedding
its rays over a world of snow!

I felt happy, almost resigned, but
melancholy; yet there was more plea-
sure in that sensation than I have expe-
rienced for years in gayer scenes—the
setting sun shone faintly through the
dusky foliage of a yew-tree, planted
near the curate's last home. I thought

of those I had loved and lost for ever!
I fancied every feeling became purer,
and my heart seemed disposed to aban-
don itself to the influence of those ideas
the hopes of another and brighter world
inspire.

A deep sigh near me awakened me
from my dream, and, turning hastily
round, I perceived a female figure, ha-
bited in the deepest mourning, bending,
in the act of endeavouring to fasten
the refractory bramble which had con-
fined the green turf of a new-made
grave. I started up, and taking the
briar from her feeble attenuated hands,
placed it once more firmly in the earth:
—an expression of thankfulness broke
from her lips as I rose from the ground,
tears fell fast from her eyes, and fre-
quent sighs agitated her bosom; her
face was pale, and her whole appear-
ance seemed to indicate a speedy remo-
val from this world of tears.

During my stay in the village I fre-
quently observed her bend her way to
the same place, and had heard her lit-
tle history. She was the daughter of
the late worthy village school-master,
was once beautiful, amiable, and con-
fiding;—had loved, trusted, and been
deceived! and now, drooping and spi-
ritless, wept over the grave of her fa-
ther, whose death was in a great mea-
sure caused by the desertion of a child
he adored! for consolation to sorrow
such as hers, she could only apply to
heaven, and from heaven alone could
she receive it.

Some months afterwards I had occa-
sion to visit L * * * * again, and in an-
swer to my inquiries concerning her,
heard she was placed beyond the influ-
ence of sorrow and shame for ever!

I went to the church-yard, and near
the spot where I had first seen her, a
plain white stone denotes where her
ashes repose, and all of eulogy or
compassion is comprised in the short
and simple inscription of “Poor El-
len!”

“Poor Ellen” repeated I, as I stood
over it, “a broken and a contrite heart,
O, God, thou wilt not despise.”

FRANCISCO.

Miscellanies.

THE PELEW ISLANDERS.

When Captain Wilson, of the Ante-
lope, with the whole of the crew, were
wrecked off the Pelew Islands, in the
month of August, 1783, they were re-
ceived with that kindness which would
have done honour to the most refined

nation in the world. In the afternoon of the day on which Abba Thulle, their king, paid his first visit to the English, he who had been so happy and pleased in the morning, now appeared with a gloomy reserve, which made our countrymen tremble at the thoughts of his displeasure; but this was in reality nothing more than a struggle in his own breast how he should ask a favour of strangers, already under obligations to him, and almost wholly in his power, without having the appearance of command.

It appeared that a neighbouring nation had injured him, and as he meant to attack them in battle within a few days, he very justly foresaw the advantage which would arise from the presence of some of the English sailors with fire-arms; at length, with the greatest evident confusion, the king hinted it to the captain, who immediately assured him he might at any time command his men, who were entirely at his service. No sooner was the answer told them by the interpreter, than every countenance brightened up, and cordiality was restored. The king immediately dubbed the captain a Rupack, and concluded with assuring him the natives were entirely at his service to assist in constructing his vessel, or any thing else in their power.

SARNEN.

Justice, judgment, and condemnation appear in Switzerland under very strange forms, accordingly as the spirit of republicanism has been more or less changed since the days of Tell, upon questions of *malem prohibitum* and *malem in se*.

While I was at dinner, under the auspices of mine host of the Cross-keys Inn, Sarnen, says an old traveller, I witnessed the execution of a sentence which had been pronounced on a seditious vagabond for traducing the Commonwealth. He was led by an officer, resembling a parish beadle in London, to the town pump, alongside of which is a square pedestal, used in common by the marketing girls as a place to deposit their choicest vegetables, fruits, &c. though occasionally serving for the town crier's throne of proclamation. Arriving at this spot, Mr. Beadle helped the young culprit in pulling off his coat and waistcoat; then, baring his shoulders, he produced a small bunch of stubborn young twigs, known in this country by the familiar name of birch-rod, the which

he applied, *non troppo allegro*, to the offender's shoulders, twenty times. This done, and Monsieur being redressed, with the assistance of the few by-standers who followed him to the spot, he was made to stand on the said pedestal during a quarter of an hour, with a large round ruler between his teeth, his hands hanging quietly enough by his side, and reminding one forcibly enough of Shakspeare's "Patience on a monument smiling at Grief."

It may be well to close the mention of this incident with an extract from the *Livres des Voyageurs*, lying then at the inn:

"Henceforth all travellers take warning,

No better inn than this at Sarnen!

The worthy host takes snuff and sneezes,
Drinks deeply too of eau-cerises.

No matter; sober he or mellow,

Is still the same—an honest fellow!"

A LEANING TOWER IN IRELAND.

In going forward to Ennis (says Mr. Curwen) I passed through the little town of Gat; two miles from which is the celebrated Round Tower of Kilmacdaugh, the height of which is one hundred and twelve feet; and it is reported to be no less than seventeen feet out of the perpendicular. The famous Campanile of Pisa (continues he) leans only fourteen feet, and is a hundred and eighty feet high; and so far, therefore, as the distortion is a curiosity, the one in the Emerald Isle is much the more wonderful structure of the two.

INVITATION TO KENSINGTON GARDENS.

BY THE HON. R. SPENCER.

(Never Published.)

No storm to day, no lightning's glare,
No thunder shall astound you;

But western breezes hover there,
To winnow health around you.

Warm as the virgin's breath who sings
Her first love's first complaint;
Pure as the air from Cherubs' wings,
That fan a dying saint.

Fair as those days of Infancy,
So fair, when nearly ended,
With all her snow-drop purity,
Youth's primrose sweets are blended.

ON SIMON.

Had equity but rul'd the ball,
O Simon! where had been thy pride?
Thou'dst drawn thy carriage to the ball,
Thy horses would have gone inside:

Useful Domestic Hints.

Winter Cough.—The following prescription for a Constitutional or Winter Cough, is given by Sir Wm. Knighton, Physician to his Majesty: Take of almond emulsion $7\frac{1}{2}$ ounces; syrup of white poppies, oxymel of squills, of each 2 drachms; compound powder of gum tragacanth 1 drachm. Two table-spoonsfull to be taken frequently.

Renovation of Manuscripts.—The following method is said to be effectual in rendering writing visible which has been effaced by an acid: Take a hair pencil, and wash the part which has been effaced with a solution of prussiate of potash in water, and the writing will again appear, if the paper has not been destroyed.

Tainted Meat.—It has been successfully proved, by many experiments, that meat entirely fly-blown has been sufficiently purified to make good broth, and had not a disagreeable taste, by being previously put into a vessel containing a certain quantity of beer. The liquor will become tainted, and have a putrid smell.

To make an Indelible Ink for Marking Linen, &c.—Pour a little nitric acid (*aqua fortis*) into a cup or glass, and add to it a small piece of pure silver; when the effervescence ceases, filter the solution through a piece of blotting paper, and put it in a small phial; then add to it a little gum arabic, and a little of the paint called sap green. After the whole is perfectly combined, it is then fit for use.

To make Town-washed Linen as pure and white as Country-washed.—In great towns, where linen cannot be exposed to the air and sun upon the grass, let it be steeped, for some time before it is washed, in a solution of oxymuriate of lime. Let it then be boiled in an alkaline ley. Linen or cotton thus treated will not become yellow by age, as is too often the case with linen in large towns.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

TO MY LOOKING-GLASS,
BY A NOBLE LORD.

Ah! that my heart were pure as thee!
As free from blemish and from stain;
Or that each spot that's there could be
As easily wiped off again.

THE INATTENTIVE HEARER.

Myrtilla does, 'tis true, repair
Each Sabbath to the House of Prayer,
So far we may commend;
But to be seen is all her care;
Myrtilla may the trouble spare—
Her portrait let her send.

Mont Blanc used to be considered the highest mountain in Europe, being 14,793 feet above the level of the sea; but it has been lately ascertained, by trigonometrical measurement, that Mont Rosa greatly exceeds this, its elevation being 15,600 feet. M. Saussure, after many fruitless attempts, decided that its summit was inaccessible; but two hardy adventurers, Mess. Zumstein and Vincent, overcame this difficulty.

EPITAPH ON A PUNSTER.

Beneath this gravel and these stones
Lie poor Jack Tissey's skin and bones;
His flesh, I oft have heard him say,
He hoped, in time, would make good hay.
Quoth I, "how can that come to pass?"
And he replied—"all flesh is grass."

EPIGRAM.

A member of the modern great
Pass'd Sawney with his budget;
The Peer was in a Car of State,
The Tinker forc'd to trudge it.
But Sawney shall receive the praise
His Lordship wou'd parade for,
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And t'other's shoes are paid for.

IMPROMPTU

On being locked in Kensington Gardens, the gates of which are shut at nine o'clock.
From Paradise Adam and Eve were shut out
As a punishment due to their sin,
But here after nine, should you loiter about,
For your punishment you'll be shut in!

ON MICHAELMAS DAY.

Five thousand geese this day are doomed to die,
What dreadful havoc 'mongst society.

DR. ALDRICH'S REASONS FOR DRINKING.

Good wine, a friend, or being dry,
Or lest you should be by and by,
Or any other reason why.

CURIOUS EPITAPH ON AN INFANT THREE MONTHS OLD.

Since I am so quickly done for,
I wonder what I was begun for?

THE CELL OF DEATH.

John Vartic, an accomplished and interesting young man, was executed for forgery, Nov. 11, 1817. After his condemnation, he wrote upon the walls of his cell the following lines:
Thou helpless wretch, whom justice calls

To breathe within these dreary walls:
Know, guilty man, this very cell
May be to thee the porch of Hell.
Thy guilt confess'd, by God forgiven,
Mysterious change! it leads to Heaven.

A SPORTING CENTENARIAN.

Margaret Evans died at the age of 105. This extraordinary female was the greatest hunter, shooter, and fisher, of her time; fiddled excellently, rowed stoutly, was a good joiner, was a blacksmith, shoemaker, boat-builder, and maker of harps, and at 70 was the best wrestler in the country.

Sir John Price was extremely eccentric. He married three wives, and kept the two first after their demise embalmed: placing them in his chamber, one on each side of his bed. The third lady refused him the honour of her hand till he had removed the dead rivals and interred them.

The following is an authentic copy of the will of Mr. Jackitt, thirty years a clerk to Messrs. Fuller and Vaughan, in Cornhill, as brought to be proved in Doctors' Commons:

I give and bequeath,
When I'm laid underneath,
To my two loving sisters, most dear,
The whole of my store,
Were it twice as much more,
Which GOD'S goodness has granted me here;

And that none may prevent,
This my will and intent,
Or occasion the least of law racket,
With a solemn appeal,
I confirm, sign, and seal,
This the true act and deed of

WILLIAM JACKITT.

Box-Mor.—A few days ago, a German gentleman, of gigantic tallness, and whose appearance raised much curiosity in the streets of London, was accosted by a little pigmy, who gently pulling him by one of the flaps of his coat, and raising his voice to the pitch, said to him, "My dear Sir, I hope we shall never quarrel in our lives—but there is a great difference between us."

TO-MORROW.—AN EPIGRAM.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does to-morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrives?
Beyond the Indies does this 'morrow live?
'Tis so far fetch'd, this 'morrow, that I fear,
'Twill be both old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say,
To-day's too late—the wise liv'd yesterday.

CHANGING SHOES.—A few days back an Irish labourer went to buy a pair of shoes, and at the same time asked the shoemaker if he could tell him what would prevent them going down on the sides? the shoemaker said, the only way to prevent it was to change them every morning. Pat left the shop after purchasing a pair, and the following morning returned; asked for a pair of shoes, tried them on, and (leaving the pair he bought the day before, was proceeding out of the shop) without further notice, when the shoemaker called to him to know what he was doing, telling him at the same time that he had forgotten to pay for the shoes he had just bought. "And is it what am I doing, you ask; am not I doing what you told me yesterday, changing my shoes every morning."

A COPY OF VERSES

Written by a Lady, a Friend of John Twemlow, Esq. of Hatherlton, in Cheshire.

Fleres, si scires unum tua tempora mensum,
Rides, cum non sit forsitan, una dies.

TRANSLATION.

Didst thou, oh thoughtless mortal, know
Thy time to quit this earthly scene,
How would thine eyes with tears o'erflow,
Though months or years should intervene.

Yet careless of the dread event,
Thou talk'st and laugh'st thy hours away,
When conquering death may have been sent

To summon thee from hence—to-day.

* * Answers to Correspondents in our next.

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